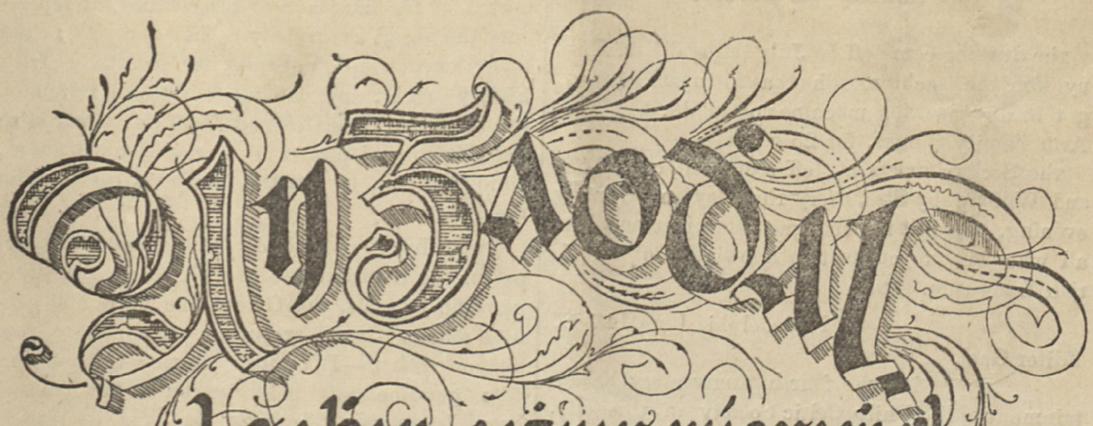


1571



Leaban-aicéir mioránal,
tabaínta cum an
TEANGA ÉADILSE
a CORNAD AZUR A JAONTUZAD
AZUR cum

Fem-maíla Cuid na h-Éireann.

VOL. 5.— No. 5. JULY, 1886. Price, Five Cents.



A monthly Journal, devoted to the Cultivation and Preservation of the Irish Language, and the autonomy of the Irish Nation.

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☛ The GAEL penetrates all sections of the country, its value as an advertising medium is therefore apparent,

Entered at the Brooklyn P. O. as second-class mail matter.

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Fifth Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

The drawing came off on July 1st, and Mrs. Kenney won the machine. She was fortunate, she has got the best sewing machine now made: the High Arm Family Singer, for 25 cents.

The Society meets at Jefferson Hall, cor Adams and Willoughby Sts., every Thursday and Sunday evening, when it imparts gratuitous instruction to all who wish to cultivate a knowledge of the Irish Language.

Philadelphia June 14 1886

Editor Gael,

Dear Sir—The fourth Anniversary Entertainment of the Philo Celtic Society of this city, came off on Wednesday the 9th in Philopatrian Hall, and was by great odds, the most successful the Society has yet given. Mr. Peter F. Murphy the president of the Society, presided; the following programme was well carried out.

PART FIRST.

1. PIANO OVERTURE—Irish Airs
Mr. ANDREW LUTZ and MISS McGRATH
2. RECITATION—cead Mille hailtha, Miss Meakim
3. ADDRESS BY CHAIRMAN, P. E. Carroll, Esq
4. OPENING CHORUS, Pupils of Irish school
5. RECITATION—Charge of the "one hundred"
6. PIANO AND VIOLIN—selection of Irish Airs
Mr. Lutz and Miss Kelly.
7. SONG—Killarney, Miss Annie Tighe.
8. RECITATION, Miss Annie Dougherty.
9. SONG—Love of the shamrocks, Miss Mcginley,
10. SONG IN IRISH—O'Donnell Aboo,

Mr. T. McEldry.

PART SECOND.

1. CONCERT SOLO Mr. Hugh Mcginness.
2. SONG, Miss Kate Kelly.
3. READING IN IRISH—Padriac an Poibaire,
Mr. P. F. Murphy.
4. SONG, Miss Kate Duffy.
5. SONG, Miss Emma Bradley.
6. RECITATION, Mr. Luke Dillon,
7. SONG IN IRISH—Og-Laoc na Ran,
Mr. James Burke.
8. RECITATION—The Boys of mallow,
Mr. John Began.
9. SONG—god save Ireland, Pupils of Irish school.

Standing room could not be obtained in the Hall after eight o'clock, and all who came later were sadly disappointed. All whose names appear on the programme were encored several times. It was after eleven o'clock before our fourth and possibly best entertainment was over.

Respectfully yours,

John Robinson,

Cor. Sec.

Every self-respecting Irish-speaking Irishman should support and circulate the Gael because it will expose the fallacious presumption of his West-Briton upstart neighbors. These fellows should be handled without gloves. Also, the patriotic English-speaking Irishman should circu-

late it because though unfortunate in being ignorant of the language of his country, it represents the social superiority of his ancestry; the enlightened world is beginning to study Irish history aright, and will not put the children of the far-famed and learned Gael on a par with the offspring of pirates, even tho' daubed dukes, marquises etc., by parties not a whit better than themselves.

Every Irishman should take a personal interest in the Gael because though there are other patriotic journals, the Gael alone bears the genuine stamp. No reference is required in connection with it—It in itself carries the passport of its genuineness. It should be in the hands of every Irishman; therefore, we hope its readers will circulate it,—the cost—sixty cents a year, will break nobody—send then, sixty cents in two-cent or one-cent stamps.

Every Irishman should have a copy of Mr. Blaine's Home Rule Speech. He handles the pretensions of the piratical "nobility" of England without gloves. However men may differ in American politics, it is admitted that Mr. Blaine is one of the three most brilliant statesmen now living, the other two being Gladstone and Bismarck.

Bigotry has killed Home Rule. Be calm, silent but determined. Churchill says that they have plenty of prisons and that rope is cheap. Let him who has not the tact to keep his neck out of the rope, suffer by it.

We have a long Gaelic letter from Captain Egan of San Francisco, for next issue.

Friend Ward's song is held over this time, as all must get a fair show in the Gael.

Sentiments of our Subscribers held over for the next issue.

If Rossa got all the money that Parnell has got, what would the result be?

what will achieve Home Rule?

"CÚIGIACETA ÌONCÁID" | 547
ÉIADÁIREACÓ

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	Sound	Irish.	Roman.	Sound.
À	a	aw	ᵐ	m	emm
b	b	bay	ᵐ	n	enn
c	c	kay	o	o	oh
ᵐ	d	dhay	p	p	pay
e	e	ay	r	r	arr
f	f	eff	s	s	ess
ᵐ	g	gay	t	t	thay
l	l	ee	u	u	oo
l	l	ell			

am 3euzajb!
 'Nojr éj3bjo am óéj3-re no o' eu3
 dom éápcájl.
 Cájl ahojr no éújrcíj bo olujé lejr aη
 3-cojll 3lajr?
 2l ácajr, ra íjúra náé cújra ljb í'p
 lár?
 2l ηácajr a éuz pájrc á3ur 3páó óomj
 a ηaoj3caηcaóτ,
 'S cá b-fujl aη brácajr-cpoj3e 'r
 ojlre ηá cáé?
 2l aηmaj ηo éléjb, acá cpej3ce á3
 ruajrcjor,
 Cao fáé 'p éujyr p'éjr a η3éjéujb
 3aj buaηcaj?
 Sjleáó ojléáó ceopa 3aj rcaohaó lemj
 3puáóηajb,
 2l éjlle '3ur pléjrcjúr ηj 3laoócaj3o
 omj' óájl.
 2l é3ór 3ac ro-éujíjhe am époj3e-re
 óomj ép'éj3oj,
 Jarpaηj aη ceopa3e boéc aη 3uj3e
 reo pojíj dáj:
 2l Éjre mo í3ojr-beaηηacé éoj3ce óo3
 éaomjha,
 2l ájrcjómj mo í3jrrj, a Éjre 3o brác.
 2larp á3ur ruar aηjra η-uá3 'ηuajr
 bej3caó cpaóca,
 3ur 3lar do ηuj3caηha, a η3ó3aj
 ηa h-áj3óéjre,
 3ur éj3re 3píjη do éaomj époc a rj3e-
 caηaó opeacá,
 2l Éjre, mo ηújrcíj, ojl Éjre 3o brác.

NOTE— I have not translated either the cabin or its door which figure in the English version of the foregoing song, because they involve errors which appear to me not to have proceeded from the pen of the author: I think the word "door" should be *dear*— W. R.

We made some remarks in the last issue of THE GAEL on the frequent use of the Future Indicative for the Subjunctive Mood of some verbs, particularizing o'ólfaó ré for o'ólócaó ré, "he would drink," and ceujfaó ré for ceujócaó ré, "he would do," and our criticism was confined to the third person of the verb.

A writer in the "Irish-American" of

June 26, through ignorance or malice, distorts the Mood at issue, thus.

r3p3o3óé' mé oiaη, I shall write a poem
 leaηóé' mé ηo3, I will follow the mode
 caj3eóé' mé pác; I must say,
 cujreoc' mé rpaη, I will put a bridle
 3laceóé' mé rampa, I will follow etc.
 All the above are in the first verse of his "squib," and he says that this is, "a la mode Ló3áη." Only that we do not desire to compromise good manners we would tell the anonymous wretch that he lies, and that this is a la mode Ló3áη.—

r3p3o3caj3é mé oáη; leaηcaj3é mé ηo3,
 caj3éj3ó mé pác; cujrej3ó mé rpaη;
 3laccaj3é mé rampa, etc.

If the above writer's traits of honesty and good-breeding were in keeping with his knowledge of the Irish language he would have no necessity to shield his identity by assuming a nom de plume. Like every other lying coward, he would use his dagger in the dark, but M. J. Logan is always prepared to meet such assassins, for he is protected by the authorities.

Here is the conjugation of the mood referred to according to Bourke's College Irish Grammar, page 123. —

- 1 3pá3ócaj3ηη, I "would love.
- 2 3pá3ócaá,, "thou wouldst love"
- 3 3pá3ócaó ré. "he would love."

And the Very Rev. author in introducing this Second Conjugation says :

The fact is, there is a class of verbs which make the future tense terminate in ocaó, and that of the conditional in ocaj3η, and not in faó and in faj3η. It appears also that this class is by no means few, nay, on the contrary, that it comprises a vast number of verbs. They can, therefore, be fitly ranked under a special conjugation.

[Who is the judge of this large class of words, the Gaelic speaker or the learner? Put a foreigner to conjugate the English verb write and he will possibly conjugate it, Write, Writed, Writed.]

We are surprised that any journal

THE LATE MICHAEL BURKE.

The readers of the Gael some time since, were treated to a Gaelic poem on "The Night of the Big Wind," by Mr M. Burke, and through the courtesy of his daughter, Mrs. C. M. B. Kelly, we give the following detached pieces in the English Language. Mr. Burke was a profound classical scholar, and very unlike a large number of his countrymen, was proud to enumerate among his linguistic lore the language of his infancy. He like the majority of scholars was of an unassuming retiring manner, and the volume of manuscript, on various subject, which he has left behind him testifies to his large range of knowledge. His epic and didactic poems are quite lengthy and pervaded by that religious and philosophical cast which gained for his native land the title of "Island of Saints and Scholars."

Although Mr. Burke occupied many prominent positions of trust, as superintendent, custom house officer, tax collector, school teacher, estate agent, &c, he found time to be a valuable contributor, under various *nom de plumes*, to the current periodicals of the day, his prolific mind was wonderful and no passing event escaped his notice or his pen.

It is proposed to collect Mr. Burke's writings in book form. His poetic compositions alone would fill a good sized volume, and we expect to be able to give lengthy extracts from them from time to time. Apart from the intrinsic value of the poems, a large number of our readers had a personal acquaintance with Mr. Burke, and it is only in keeping with the Gael's principles that it should be the means of perpetuating the memory of a man who loved his language and his country as he did.

Some ninety years ago, about the time of Mr. Burke's birth, the only persons who spoke the English language in the county of Galway or throughout Connaught generally, were the English officials and their servants. The poor who were obliged to go to earn their living to the "big houses," as the residences of the English were called, learned a smattering of English. But the respectable portion of the Irish people knew no English at that time, and we have B shop Gallagher's word for it that even in Ulster, fifty years previously, not one Irish person knew a word of English.

We emphasize this statement because some of our shoddy Irish of the present day would fain make one believe that their forefathers knew no Irish, and in such a manner as to insinuate that they were of a more respectable class than those who did and do speak their national tongue. Now, those people proclaim their own and their forefathers' degradation, and that they are so degraded in the eyes of the intelligent foreigner the following incident will clearly demonstrate. We solicited a foreigner doing business in N. Y. and who advertises extensively, for an ad. in the Gael a few days ago. He examined the Gael, we explained it, and he said: "This paper must be patronized by the better and more intelligent class of the Irish and an ad. in it would do me no good". The reason the ad. was solicited was that it appeared in all the Irish American weeklies.

We have a personal knowledge of priests and doctors (we particularize priests and doctors because they are supposed to come from the cream of society) in Connaught whose parents could not converse in English for five minutes, though the laborers on their farms who had to go to England and to the aforesaid "big houses" to earn

their bread, could talk the nails of their toes in English. Yet some of our "educated" Anglicised Irish would insist that the English language was spoken in Ireland in St. Bridget's time, though the mere schoolboy could tell them that it is not yet 500 years since the English was formulated and spoken in England, and that the introduction of it into the Royal Household is of a very recent date. During the persecutions, the Irish parents who could afford it sent their children to France or Italy to be educated, to avoid being proselytised in the government schools. So that at the time of which we write the old people knew more of Latin and French than they did of English. To put the matter in a nutshell. Suppose the Italian rag-pickers and organ grinders who traverse our streets returning to Italy in a few years and bringing a smattering of English with them to be the *elite* of Italian society and you have the very class of the Irish people who introduced English into Ireland.

Mr. Burke has left a very interesting poem descriptive of his first days at the English school.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

(By M BURKE.)

The Irish Language doomed for years to sleep,
Awoke of late in manly features young,
In radiance fair from out the torpid deep,
To wake the lyre in Ireland's classic tongue,
And sing the lays her hoary minstrels sung,
Or tell the tales of Warriors and the deeds,
Of sept and clan and how their fathers clung
With death like grapple thro' the direst need,
To what they prized the most, their language and
their creed.

The gloom is past that veiled the Nation's lore,
And morning dawns as flies the shades of night;
A voice is heard along the Western shore,
And Jarlath sheds its beams of joyous light,
McHale exists to teach and speak and write,
To daunt the foe, and guard the fold and pen.
The tocsin sounds from vale and mountain height,
Resounding still, resounding o'er again,
Till echoes back the same from mountain, lake
and glen.

The East as well displays its learned crops,
Rare, lustrous stars in Ireland's ancient Gael,
Profoundly versed in Sanskrit and its lore;
Its Poets, Bards and Ollamhs in detail,
With such adjuncts and sons of Grainne Weal,
The Gaelic tongue its beauties wide unfold,
Conveying in its vehicle of tale,
A source of pleasure to the young and old,
More precious rendered as the oftener told.

And here beside majestic waters, where
The noble Hudson meets the briny wave,
A million pages Celtic impress bear,
In prose and verse of chiefs and warriors brave,
Who fought and bled and to their country gave
A list of Heroes and a fearless band;
All this we owe to those now in the grave,
Who freely tendered head and heart and hand,
To brother exiles far, far from native land.

Irishmen are like the Dog in the Fable—they grab at the Shadow and lose the Substance—the Language is the foundation and preservator of a nation—At least Bismarck thinks so.—Is he an authority?

ԸՃՉԻՉԱՐԼԵ ԾՈ ԷՅՐԵԱՌՈՒՅԻ
 Le
 Ա. ԱԲՄՐԸԱ.

ՅԻ՞՞ ԿՈՒՄԱՐԼԵ ՅԱՆ ԷՅՐԻՅ
 ԾՅԲՐԵ ԲԵՅՈՒ ԵԱՐԻԵԱԿ՝
 ԷՅՐՕՅԻ ԾՈ ԼԷՅՐԻ ԼԷՅՐ,
 ԵՂԱԼԻՄԱՐ, ԿԱԼԱՄԱԿ.

Ա ՊՅԼԵԱՊԵՏԱՅԻ 'ՐԱ ՐԼԷՅԻՇԻԻ,
 Ա ՊՅԱՅԻՇԻՅԻ 'ՐԱ ՅՇԱՐԱԿԱՅԻ,
 ԿՍՊԻՊԻՅԻ ԿՍՐ ԷՅՐԵ,
 ԵՅՐԻ ԵՍՐ ՊՅԱՅԻՐԵԱԿԱՈՒ.

ԿՈՅՅԵԱՅԻՅԻ ՈՒ ԸՅԻՆԼԵ
 ՅՈ ՐԱՅՐԵԱԿ, ԿԱՐԱԾԱԿ,
 'Տ ԵՂԱԼԵԱՅԻՅԻ ՅԱԿ ԵՐԵՅՅԻՇԻ
 ՈՒՅՐԵԱԿ, ԲԵԱՊԻՂԱԿ.

ԿԼԵԱԿԵԱՅԻՅԻ ՊԱ ԵՍՐԱ
 ԲՂԱԼԻՄԱՐ, ԿԱՐԱՊԱԿ,
 ԼԷՅՅԵԱՐ ԿՍՐ ՅԱԵՈՅԻՅԻ
 Ա ԼԵԱԾԱՐԱՅԻ ԲԵԱՊԱԿՍՐ.

ՏԵԱԿ՝ ՊԱՅԻՅԻ ՊԱ ԵՐԵՍԾԵԱ
 ԼԵՈՊԻՄԱՐ, ՊԱԾԱՐԱԿ.
 ԽՊՊՐԻՅԵԱՐ ԵՅԻ ԲՅԵՍԼԵԱ
 ԵՐԵՍՅԱԿ ԵԼԱԾԱՐԱԿ,

ԱՊԵԱԼԲԱԿ ՅՈ ԼԷՅՐԻ ԲՅԻ,
 ԱՊԱՐ ՊԵԱԼԼ Ա ՊՅԱՅԻՐԵԱԿԱ
 'ՏՅՈ ՊՅԱՅԻՇԵՈՒ՞' ՅԱՆ ԲՐԷՅՐ ԲՅԻ
 Ա ԼԱՐ ՊԱ ԲԱՅՐՅԵ.

ՏՊՊ ԵԱԾ Ա ԵՐԵՅՅԻՇԵ,
 ՕՐԵԱՊ ՊԵԱՊՅԵԱՐԱՐԱԿ,
 ԸՐՈՒՇԵՈՒ՞ ՅՈ ԼԷՅՐԻ ԲՅԻ,
 ԱՍՐ ՊՕՐ ՊԱ ՏԱՐԱՊԱԿ.

Ա ԸՂԱՐԾԵ ՊՈ ԸԼԷՅԻԵ,
 (ԸՐԻՍՕՇՊԱՅԱՈՒ ԱՊ ԵՐԵԱՊԱԿՍՐ)
 ԿՈՅՅԵԱՅԻՅԻ ՈՒ ԸՅԻՆԼԵ,
 'Տ ԲԵՅՈՒ ԲՅԻ ԿԵԱՊԱՐԱԿ.

Far off an Island lies,
 Of fertile soil and healthy atmosphere,
 Whose fruitful fields in rich luxuriance rise,
 And golden harvests bear.

An Isle of woe and song,
 An Isle renowned in pristine days of yore,
 An Isle unrivalled in the depth of wrong,
 For centuries she bore.

And yet with all her woes,
 She still maintains her Native will supreme,
 Unconquered yet tho' mighty were her foes,
 And sufferings extreme.

She yet that will retains, [soul,
 That motive pow'r thus springing from the
 And as the will, the wished for object gains,
 The will then rules the whole.

Advice to Irishmen, by
 MICHAEL BURKE.
 (Translation)

This course, tho' gratis
 You'll find to have merit;
 Attention now sought is—
 Come all you and hear it.

On vale and on highland,
 And near the blue waters,
 Think of old Ireland,
 The home of your Fathers.

Be friends in a crisis;
 Be kind in your manner,
 And, shunning such vices
 As bring you dishonor.

Be anxious, desirous,
 Of that virtue and glory.
 We read of the Irish
 In legend and story.

Beware of these traitors—
 These wolves in sheep's cloth—
 Who soften their features [ing,
 With flatterings loathing,

To win and deceive you,
 As oft did their Fathers,
 Would willingly heave you
 In fathomless waters.

These, these the devices,
 Of the Orange here hoarded,
 Who'd cut you to slices,
 As the English before did.

Dear friends, as a Brother,
 In ending my story,
 Pray help one another
 In virtue and glory.

That heav'nly spark remains,
 Tho' despot laws be rampant all the while,
 For Irish blood is still in Irish veins,
 Of native and exile.

If will be then a might,
 As doubtless all must verily confess,
 Could despots stand, did we but all unite,
 And will our happiness?

We would be anxious to know what Salisbury (the probable descendant of a Danish pirate) thought of Mr. Blaine's royal contribution (\$5,000) to the Parnell Home Rule Fund. Mr. Blaine does not take much stock in mushroom nobility.

Mr. Blaine's speech on the Irish question is the grandest yet delivered on the subject. We wish our shoddy Irishmen who ape Englishism would cultivate Mr. Blaine's estimate of English "nobility."

THE IRISH MINSTREL.

The Minstrel rose with soul inspiring mood,
And siezed his harp that stood behind the door,
And struck such notes in ecstastic prelude,
As plainly told how copious was the store
Whence these arose, he ran his fingers o'er
The trembling strings, free agents of desire,
And then he paused a moment, to restore
The wonted sweetness of the tuneful lyre,
And began enchanting tones with soul then all in
fire.

He sang in strains sublimely sad and grand,
Of other days and other race of men,
When Ireland as a nation took her stand,
And stood unrivalled in her Chieftain Fhion,
With a host of warriors all ready then,
To march along in chivalry and pride,
And aid the forces of the king of Morven,
On hill or plain, or on the raging tide,
To chase the foe, or pierce the wild Boar's brist-
ly hide.

Of Conban-Carglas, Torcul Torno's daughter,
The pride of Crathlun, and of Loda's hall,
And the thousand times that Torno sought her,
The thousand times that useles was his call,
Until her father's unexpected fall.
Resistance longer could her naught avail,
Her kingdom ravaged to the palace wall,
He siezed her captive, raised at once his sail,
To Gormal's cave then bore the sad lone Night-
ingale.

How chance alone on Gormal's dewy vale,
The captive's voice one day by Fhion was heard,
As she poured forth her melancholy tale,
Her heart's strings breaking at every word,
So still th' air that e'en a leaf not stirred,
To her prevent to pour her grief in song,
She seemed the pensive selitary bird,
That tuned her notes among the warbling throng.
That instinct taught to know the princess suffered
wrong.

How Fhion consoled a ray of hope inspired,
A balm infused to ease her wounded hear,
How Swaran fought, how soon the beast retired,
His helmet cleft by Fhion's unerring dart,
That sword, that Luno of the magic art
Him never failed in any enterprise,
It shone so bright, that Storno felt the smart,
Thro' all his limbs for Swaran's cowardice,
Because that Fhion had not been that day's sac-
rifice.

How she arose like early blushing morn,
In hopes to see her joyous beam of light
But when she saw the helmet he had worn,
Then cleft in twain, and gory in her sight.
She screamed aloud like howlings of the night,
And name invoked by river, lake and glen,—
Ah lovely youth, my heart, my sole delight,
Art thou no more among the sons men?
The lonely one to cheer, whose heart is sad with-
in.

THE BANSHEE.

The plaintive dirge that stuns the ears,
Comes thrilling thro' the vale,
From one whose voice, with sighs and tears,
Forbodes a dismal tale.

'Tis here the genius of the place,
Some kindred spirit gone,
Tho' now not known her lineage race,
Nor when of such was one.

Her feeling still a truth unfolds,
Tho' skeptics may deny,
That Homeward thought still live in souls,
And cares that never die.

The hills and streams respond her wail,
Her plaint of yore is known;
The young and old with terror quail,
And try to shield their own,

Old crones report in boding cant,
The fact themselves long knew,
But silence kept, nor did they want
Themselves to seem untrue.

But now divulged no doubt remains,
For she th' unerring seer,
Reveale her tale in plaintive strains,
A pensive volunteer

Along the streams, among the trees,
The boding phantom flies,
With seeming step, she treads the leas,
And fills the air with sighs.

Again her wail, mo bhron ma chra,
Is heard along the dale,
No thunder crash could strike such awe,
As hers among the Gael.

The die is cast, the spell entwined,
The victim yet unknown,
Is hers' the fault or fates unkind,
Her note is still O chone.

This mystic dame that's known so long,
Among some clans we see,
Unveils the fate in doleful song.
The wailing, lone Banshee.

ON THE ANTIQUITY, SUBLIMITY AND
DECADENCE OF THE IRISH LAN-
GUAGE.

Suggested by hearing Darcy M'Gee lecture on
the 16th Oct. 1885, in the Tabernacle, on "Ireland
as I Found it in 1885."

A time there was in palmy days of yore,
When Bards and Miustrels spoke their native
tongue,
And sung the feats of Heroes on the shore,
Of foes defeated or their traitors hung.

A time when Chieftains, princes of the soil,
Led forth their clans to merriment and play,
Amusing such as came then many a mile,
With all the games they practised in their day.

When all the Fair with modesty their own,
Unrivalled since, except their kindred race,
Showed forth the sex from cottage to the throne,
The seeming portraits of an Angel's face.

And lute and lyre with soft inspiring strains,
Awoke the heart to phantacies divine,
Forgot the past, made light of all the pains,
And faced the future like an angry Lion.

And Brehon, Druid, the Sages of the land,
That language spoke in ideas all sublime,
And Ossian sung in martial tones so grand,
His classic poems unequalled since his time.

And Finn and Goul with hosts of warriors brave,
That language spoke in purity of style,
And told their grief upon the patriots grave,
And sung his praises thro' his native Isle.

And saint and pilgrim at the hallowed shrine,
That language used for thousand years and odd,
And Angels bore the symphonies divine,
Of Irish anthems to the Throne of God.

While this intact, the vehicle of thought,
Our Isle was safe, at least it was our own,
Tho' foes attacked, and bloody battles fought,
We victors were, for Irish was our tone.

Alas! a blight, a failure and decay,
From various causes tended to its doom,
That told in boast, or seemed as such to say,
You are no more except within the tomb.

For fossil like an emblem of the past,
That mark the Saurons of their genial climes,
And trod this earth and disappeared at last,
Left scarce a wreck save these of modern times,

The Celtic tongue that stood so long the test,
Of Vandal, Goth, and Dane and Saxonhordes,
Is now alas but spoken in the West,
Among the peasants and the petty Lords.

No more it sounds, the soul entrancing lays,
Of ages past when Chieftains felt a pride,
To rouse their clans in strains of heroic praise,
To meet their foes upon the Shannon side.

But yet withal a spell it still contains,
To those but known, who speak it as the Gael,
To rouse each man to meet upon the plains—
If they but had a Chieftain as O'Neil.

M. BURKE.

PROF. ROEHRIG on the IRISH
LANGUAGE.

(Continued from page 593.)

And wherever you can analyze the facts, where ever you can find out the reason *why* of such and such rule, its principle, its cause, its "rationale," and penetrate, as it were, the subject-matter, *intellectually*,—there all painful efforts, which so commonly accompanies the mere mechanical application of memory, ceases and gives way to a most easy, pleasant, and in its results, prompt, certain and extremely satisfactory sort of mental activity. Now, for example, if the rules of *aspiration* become the subject of study, I would advise the learner to proceed in the order of the parts of speech. This is the most natural and simple way. Perhaps it will be best to begin with the Definite Article. Note down the two instances where aspiration occurs, viz., in the Feminine Gender (Nominative and Accusative Singular), in the Masculine (Genitive Singular). The exceptions are very easily remembered. (They are the same in both instances, viz.

words beginning with *d, t, s*). Pass on to the compound words; excepting, however, such unreal compounds as those in which the second part stands in the Genitive case, etc. Here the above exceptions with *d, t, s* occur again (when, at the same time, the terminal letters of the preceding part are *d, t, s, l, n*). Next, to the adjective; then proceed to the personal pronouns, *dam*, and *duit*—to me, to thee—where the aspiration takes place after a preceding vowel or aspirated letter, then proceed to the numerals 1, 2, 1st, 3d, then to the verb, preceded by certain particles; then to *an*, privative as well as intensitive, the former you may take together with the other privative *neamh*, the latter with the intensitives *se* and *sar*, etc.: then pass to the prepositions and finally to *budh* (*ba, b'*) when followed by an adjective beginning with a labial. Proceed in a similar manner with *eclipsis*. Begin with the Definite Article (when preceded by prepositions). In this connection, take also a few prepositions, that cause eclipses, even if they are not followed by the Definite Article (*a, i, iar, ria*). Then pass on to the Plural. *Plural* of what? 1st, of the Possessive Pronouns, 2d, of the Genitive after *na*. Then pass to the numerals, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 2-3, (*dha d-trian*), to the verb preceded by certain particles (*an, nach, go, da, ca, muna, a*), etc. Now consider also the prefixing of *t* before words beginning with *s*. (in the cases specified by grammar); distinguish also between this and the cases where it is prefixed to a word beginning with a vowel. Then, also remember the exceptions, where *s* does not take the prefixed *t*. The classical student can, at once, simplify the statement of these exceptions by expressing it in grammatical terminology, as *s* by one of the *tenues* (*p, c, t*), or one of the *mediae*, (*b, g, d*), or by *m*. Diagrams will also prove to be a great help to the learner; thus for example, to survey instantaneously cases of *aspiration* and *eclipsis*, at the same time;—

The table here indicated will be given in the next Gael.)

I give this as a simple *specimen*. Ever so many useful diagrams may be made, with great advantage to the learner, and bearing on all parts of Irish grammar. A good deal might be said in this relation, but it seems to me almost useless to make any further specifications,—thinking these few suggestions will prove amply sufficient to every student of the Irish language. Now, it may be objected; that all such help, that I propose is hardly needed that the main thing is, and remains the *actual practice* in speaking and writing,—where aspiration and eclipsis are to be continually applied, that this is a most essential and important exercise which nothing else can replace. To be sure, that is what I say, too. But that is not *enough*;—*theory* has to go hand in hand with practice, and it is exceedingly desirable and satisfactory, leading to accuracy of knowledge and genuine thoroughness, to obtain

also a general and synoptical view of such a highly interesting grammatical and phonetical subject as aspiration and eclipsis evidently must be, to embrace the same with one glance, and have it properly and well-arranged, and indexed in your mind.

In conclusion, I wish to make a few remarks as to the fact that, indeed, no Irishman can possibly have any cause or reason to feel ashamed of his country, his origin or nationality. The Irish that come to this happy land—to free America—may be poor, indeed, and often wholly destitute, on their arrival on this side of the ocean; they may have to endure, for a while at least, the hardships of servitude and exhausting labor, of many sore privations and a painful struggle for a mere existence; yet so far as my personal observation extends, all this will be, nearly in every case, only transient and temporary. They will toil, no doubt; but they will toil successfully and obtain (generally, and not to say, almost invariably), pleasant, comfortable homes of their own, a peaceable, contented, happy life, a respectable and respected social position, and become, not unfrequently, even wealthy, rise to political eminence, and be a blessing to themselves to their families and to their adopted country. I could mention many names to substantiate what I say and make good my assertions, but will for various reasons, not do so at this time. What I am going to say in the following lines, are by no means imaginary statements, or false representations, but the almost literal report taken from some of the best, and for their sober minded veracity, universally respected authorities, historical, geographical standard works, public documents, official papers, accredited journal articles and essays, as well as reliable private communications and letters from well-informed friends and correspondents. Let, me then in the first place, state that the Celtic languages constituted once a far extending family of related tongues, which about two thousand years ago, actually covered a larger ground than Latin, Greek and German combined. There have been published very many valuable works to aid the learner in the study of these languages, but especially in acquiring a fair and thorough knowledge of *Irish*. An Irish grammar, it is asserted, was already attempted by Amergin Cinfeala, who died in 687 A. D. Then I may mention that of Thadens Dowling: another grammar was written by Matthias de Rentsi: (born 1577 A. D.) The same wrote also an Irish dictionary, and a Chronicle. Valancey's Grammar was published at Dublin, 1773, the second edition 1782. Then we have that of Dr. William Neilson published at Dublin, 1808 that of Paul O'Brien (professor at Maynooth,) which appeared in Dublin one year later than Neilson's. Other grammars are by Halliday, McCurtin, Burke, Owen Connellan, Joyce, O'Molloy, etc., etc., besides that of the great standard grammarian, O'Donovan: The most complete gram-

matical work on the older forms of Irish, in their connection with the other Celtic tongues is the "Grammatica Celtica," by Zeuss. The oldest printed dictionary is that of O'Clear. It bears the title "Senasan nuadh no focloir d foclaibh cruaidh," and appeared in Louvain, 1643. Two Irish dictionaries were published in Paris,—that of McCurtin (with grammar), in 1732, that of John O Bryan, in 1768. Another (with a grammar) appeared in Dublin in 1822. It is by O'Reilly and contains 50,000 words. Many important works have been issued under the auspices of the Royal Irish Academy and the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Societies. Celtic philology has nowadays, at the same dignity and degree of respect, and received the same serious consideration as the Sanskrit studies and the critical and comparative treatment of the Indo-European languages. Among the prominent scholars and successful workers in the domain of Celtic erudition, we may mention very many names (from bygone times to the present),—such as Edward Lhuyd, O'Connor, Edwards, Marcel, Pictit, O'Curry, Stokes, Bopp, Gluck, Stark, Gaidoz, Jubainville, Brandez, Contzen, Meyer, Bacmeister, Cenac-Moncant, Grimm, Ellissen, Georgiewski, Leo, Rees, Reeve, Monin, Norris, Sparscheck, Roussillon, Price, Nigra, O'Sullivan, Poste, Rhys, Owen, Pughe, Yeatman, Rowland, Legonidec, De Villemarque, Ilgan, Le Brigant, Jager, etc., etc. There appear also, from time to time, many highly interesting and instructive Essays and Dissertations, on special points of Celtic philology; as, for instance, Lapke, W., on the Irish "s-preterit" (in German), Bremen, 1880 Windisch, the "p" in the Celtic languages (likewise in German), 1876; and many other such monographs of particular importance, which no Irish scholar should neglect to study, or allow to pass without notice. Also a valuable periodical is published in Europe, regularly, which is exclusively devoted to the philological study of the Celtic languages: it is the "*Revue Celtique*," which has been in existence since 1870, and is ably conducted by Prof. H. Gaidoz. Professorships of the Irish language exist in Trinity College Dublin, in the Queen's College at Belfast, in that of Cork, of Galway, in the College of Maynooth, and the Catholic University of Ireland. A professorship of Celtic also exists in Paris at the College de France a chair which is very ably filled by Prof. Jubainville. Also Prof. Gaidoz lectures in Paris on the Celtic languages and literature. So does Mr. Rhys in Oxford (since 1876), and Prof. Windisch formerly of Strasburg, now in Leipzig (since 1875). A considerable advantage, moreover, can be gained, if students of Irish, and of the Celtic languages generally, would make themselves, at the same time, acquainted with Sanskrit and Indo-European philology, and bestow some attention on phonology,

comparative grammar and the principles of the science of language. The study of Celtic should indeed always go hand in hand with Sanskrit, for the acquisition of which, now, everywhere abundant opportunity exists. The Celtic literature is, by no means, unimportant, its influence is felt in many directions, as much of the European romantic literature may be traced back (directly or indirectly) to the Irish legends.

(to be concluded in the next.)

SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

(From Haverly's Almanac.)

In speaking of the early history of the province of Pennsylvania, historians dwell much on the settlements of the Swedes under the direction of Gustavus Adolphus' Christina, and the Chancellor Oxenstern, on the pretensions and inroads of the Dutch, but especially on the paramount influence exercised in the government by the Society of Friends after William Penn became proprietor.

Nevertheless it is a historical fact, supported by statistics, that the true foundations of the prosperity of Pennsylvania were laid without noise or ostentation by successive bands of brave, industrious and intelligent Irishmen, and in the inland counties her real history were being written, not, it is true, with the pen nor on paper, but by the spade the ax, and the plow, in characters that remain engraven on her soil to the present day.

For example from December 1728 to December 1729 the proportion of the various classes of emigrants who landed in the province was as follows:

English and Welsh.....	267
Scotch.....	43
Palatines (German).....	243
Irish.....	5,655

The Irish emigrants to the province were thus nearly ten to one of all other emigrants taken together, and that proportion was doubtless sustained down to the Revolution. These, the true founders of Pennsylvania, scattered their settlements thickly over the interior, until then covered with the woods, which gave name to the province. The constant recurrence of Irish names on the State map of Pennsylvania, abundantly proves the localities whence the first settlers came. Thus the names of Derry, Donegal, Tyrone, Dungannon, Strabane, Raphoe, Belfast, Dublin, Coleraine, etc., were revived among Penn' Woods, where Irish names became almost as numerous as on the map of Ireland. The greater part of these settlers were from the north of Ireland, as the names of the settlements indicate, and generally of the Presbyterian religion. This giving to their new homes the names of their birthplaces proves their strong feeling of nationality, and they would certainly have re-

sented as an insult and ridiculous term of "Scotch-Irish," now often affixed to their descendants. The neighboring colony, Maryland, held out inducements in those times, to catholic Irish, which led much greater numbers of them to that colony than to Pennsylvania.

The injustice of the English policy in the administration of Ireland, by an obvious process of retributive justice, exercised indirectly a most potent influence in bringing about the dismemberment of the British empire,—and the political crimes committed for centuries on the soil of Ireland were punished through the instrumentality of Irishmen on the soil of America. Among the Irish emigrants there were men of great intelligence and enterprise. James Logan, the confidential friend and counsellor of William Penn, and for some time President of the Council of the province (a monument of whose learning and liberality still remains in the Loganian Library), was a native of the north of Ireland. Many others might be named greatly distinguished before the Revolution. Perhaps the most unequivocal token of the general intelligence and respectability of these emigrants of every class and sect may be found in the tolerance with which they regarded the religious opinions of each other since it is well known that in their native country the spirit of sectarian intolerance and bigotry has always burned fiercely. This religious liberality and charity will be found very conspicuous in the history of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, where Catholics, Presbyterians, Quakers and Episcopalians were united like a band of brothers, whether they met at the banquet to relax the severities of business, or joined in plans of benevolence to relieve distress, or at the stern call of duty and patriotism, marched in close knit ranks to vindicate the outraged rights of their adopted country, or offer up their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of her liberty.

Some, like Barry, exchanged the festivities of the society for the ocean revels of the tempest and the battle. Many, like Wayne, led the van in every hard-fought field of the revolutionary war, or patiently endured the hardships of Valley Forge—and none were more efficient in executing daring and confidential services than the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick who fought in the First Troop of Philadelphia Cavalry. Other members of the society who, by mercantile enterprise and industry had accumulated wealth, freely poured it into the coffers of the national treasury or patiently submitted to its destruction by the wantonness of Hessian mercenaries.

In referring to the origin of the S. of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, we find some other associations in the province with which many of its members were connected, and which, therefore, may be briefly mentioned here.

(to be continued.)

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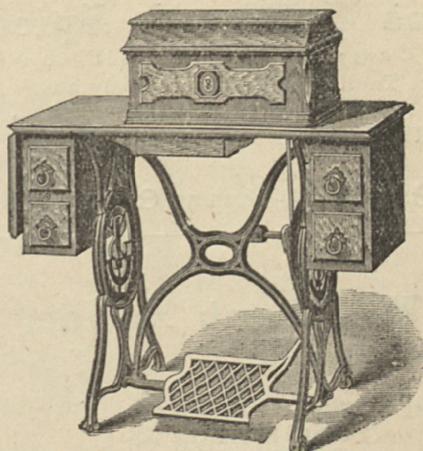
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